

## Welcome to Literal Hell, El by Deer\_in\_the\_headlights

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Anxiety, F/M, Teen for profanity

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Eleven & Max (Stranger Things), Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Max/Lucas Sinclair

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**Summary:**

All about El's life as a high school student, and her experiences now that she is a fully-fledged citizen of the world.

# 1. High School Sucks

## Author's Note:

Hey y'all! This is my first fic, and I'm looking to turn it into some multi chapter mileven fluff, because that is what we all need in life. Enjoy!

I don't own stranger things please don't sue me thanks!!!!!!!!!!

El didn't think that it was possible to be this scared unless the bad men were involved. She had spent a whole year in the cabin preparing for this day. She knew that everyone else was scared too. Dustin had called high school literal fucking hell and Max, Mike, and Will nodded in vigorous agreement. English, Biology, Algebra, PE, History, and Art, names of classes swirled around in her mind. She knew that she had at least one of her friends in each class, and Mike in English, Algebra, and PE. The thoughts and fear filled her mind and she was spiraling, slipping.

"Hey kid, we're 3 minutes away. You okay?" Hopper asked, clearly noticing the terror mixed with excitement. "Look, I get it. High school was terrifying for me and I went through 9 years of school to get ready for it. The kids you hang out with are good though, they got your back, okay?"

"I know." El mumbled, feeling like she was dying and simultaneously the most alive she's ever felt.

"When they say Jane Hopper at the beginning of class, you say here. If you wanna go by El just say Eleanor is your middle name and you like it. Okay?" Hop was nervous, she could tell. "Remember your backstory? I adopted you from Indianapolis and now you're here. If you need anything, ask your friends okay? And no powers, I don't wanna hear about kids flying."

Before El could answer they pulled into the parking lot. She searched the crowd for Mike. He was over by the bike rack, of course. She looked down at her outfit, meticulously planned with help from Nancy and Max. Mostly Nancy though, Max had just flopped on El's bed and flashed a thumbs up every now and then. The pastel sweater



"Good Morning students and welcome to your first day of High school. I would say that it's not as bad as everyone says it is, but it's been a while." Mrs. Vick said, almost in a sing-song way. El decided that she liked this teacher. Mrs. Vick called roll, pausing at El. "Jane Hopper?" El panicked. Mike nudged her.

"Here." El murmured, more nervous then she thought she'd be. Mike grabbed her hand under the table, calming her, grounding her.

"Ah, you must be the Chief's new kid." Mrs Vick stated. El nodded, and Mrs. Vick carried on with roll.

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Up until lunch, El's classes were pretty uneventful. She strolled to the cafeteria hand in hand with Mike, with a grumbling Lucas on her other side. Everything was good, until that mouthbreather Troy showed up at their lunch table.

"Hey look Frogface got a giiiiirlfriend." Troy mocked. Mike felt his blood boil. "What'd you do? Drug her?"

"Leave us the hell alone, Jackass." Mike retorted

"Go back to Hell Troy." Max yelled.

"Not without this pretty girl." Troy stated. Mike felt himself getting ready to punch the idiot. You do not mess around with El.

"Leave." El said, simple, clear, and concise. "Leave me alone." She stood up to face Troy and his cronies, joining Mike and Max who looked about ready to punch the living daylights out of the boys.

"Why should I?" retorted Troy.

"Because she said so." Max claimed, crossing her arms and rolling her eyes. "Don't you have something better to do, like I dunno, pulling your head outta your ass?"

"Whatever." Troy grumbled, retreating.

El was grateful that she'd smoothed things over with the redhead, she was a fearless protector. El leaned into Mike, resting her head on his shoulder, exhausted already. This time nobody mentioned how gross they were. She wondered if it was because Mike was likely still pissed off and likely to snap back. Probably. She decided that so far, lunch was her favorite. It was 30 minutes of pure friend time. As she laughed along to Will and Dustin's retelling of a funny story that happened during their computer science class, El began to wonder.

"Is this what it's like to be normal?" El thought out loud, not realizing

it.

"You mean laughing with your friends at lunch?" Will responded, almost as curious as El.

"Yeah, it is El." Lucas sighed. "I know its weird, right?"

"I'm being normal?" El never thought that she would be.

"Yep!" Dustin responded cheerfully.

"Wow." El smiled, on cloud nine. As if this moment couldn't have gotten any better, Mike pressed his lips to hers. It was really fast, yet really sweet, and she barely even had time to think about it before she had to prepare for the incessant groaning of their friends.

## 2. Sleepovers are okay, right?

### Summary for the Chapter:

High school sucks, why not remedy it with a giant sleepover.

(yes this is a common thing to write about but I like it and its my story)

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School had shown El the true meaning of routine. Wake up, wash your face, get dressed, brush your hair and teeth, eat breakfast, get in the car. School however, was always a surprise. She walked into her biology class one day and there was a different teacher! Apparently this new teacher was a substitute and Mr. Klay would likely be back tomorrow. School was really weird.

"Hey El, everyone's sleeping over at Mike's tonight after the campaign. You should ask Hop." Max stated, setting her lunch tray down next to El. Every Friday the party would meet at Mike's for a celebratory weekend hangout. They usually watched movies or ventured out to the arcade, but it had been a while since the last campaign and they were all eager. Max and El played occasionally, and tonight was one of those occasions.

"Hop says that I'm not allowed to sleep over places." El said, a bit confused about why.

"Tell him that literally everyone else will be sleeping in the basement too." Max mumbled out quickly. "He's probably still paranoid. It's Mike's house we'll be fine."

"I'll call him at Mike's after school." El decided. The boys sauntered up to the table.

"What's up assholes." Dustin yelled.

"Geez love you too, Dustin." Will grumbled, jokingly. It seemed as if Will was getting a break recently, no attacks, no flashbacks, no upside-down. It took him a long time to get here though.

"So El, can you stay over tonight?" Mike asked, eagerly.

"I have to ask Hop, but probably." El replied, smiling at Mike. They did that thing where they creepily stare into each other's eyes, and everyone watched silently.

"Holy shit that's so creepy." Lucas declared. He snapped in between their faces until they left their little wonderland and rejoined reality.

"Okay so if you guys are done being weird as shit we were gonna discuss tonight." Dustin stated, still creeped out by the pair. The group laughed, seemingly in their own world.

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The party had been holed up in Mike's basement for 4 hours when El decided to call Hopper.

"Hey Hop, it's El, can I stay at Mike's tonight with everyone else?"

"Absolutely not. You're too young for this shit okay?"

"Gimme the phone El." demanded Max.

"Hey Chief, it's Max. First of all, like literally everyone will be sleeping in the same room so relax on that front and if you so even imply that I will vomit on your face."

"Um. I'm still not comfortable with it." Hopper replied, stunned.

"Go spend some time with your lady friend Joyce and let El be normal. That's what you want right? for El to be normal? Well this is a normal thing. You can pick her up at 11:00 tomorrow okay?" Max ranted into the phone.

"Um please don't bring my mom into this, thanks." Will mumbled at Max.

"Okay, I'll pick her up at 11:00 then, I guess." Hopper relented. Max hung up and the party celebrated their victory.

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It was 11:30 and the campaign had ended in a victory for the party, but by the end the teens were exhausted. Dustin stretched out on the floor, and Will curled up in a pile of pillows in the corner. Lucas and Max snuggled together on the couch, even though they denied that there was anything there. Mike and El curled up in her fort, of course. They were a tangle of limbs, El's head on Mike's chest, his arms wrapped around her waist. A sweet bliss hung in the air that night, and nothing could disturb it.

Nancy unlocked the door, home from a date with Steve. She peered into the basement to check up on the kids, and she got an eyeful of possibly the cutest thing that she had ever seen. Young love, and the kids who deserved it the most after going through so much. Nancy had so much respect for these kids, she knew they all worried and had nightmares. She had them too. She guessed it was just all a part of saving the world.

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"Quick get a picture before they wake up!" Will whispered hurriedly. It was 9:00 and the smells of breakfast had woken everyone but Lucas and Max. They had woken to the sight of the cuddling duo, and immediately started planning what they would use this blackmail for. Everyone knew that Lucas and Max liked each other, but they wouldn't admit it to themselves. Mike and El still rested in the fort, sitting up while laughing at the antics of the boys.

"what the fuCK? GO AWAY DICKHEADS!" Lucas screamed, having been woken up by the flash. Lucas's sudden movement jarred Max awake, practically flying off the couch. Mike and El were dying of laughter.

"INVASION OF PRIVACY, ASSHOLES!" Max growled, chasing the boys around the basement. Suddenly, the all out war devolved into the most intense pillow fight to have ever been fought. Before they knew it, it was 11:00. El had experienced something new, a



sleepover. She wanted more of them. They heard a honk outside that could only be Hopper. El hugged Mike and placed a rushed peck on his lips, trying to stay out of Hopper's view. Every day was something new for El, and today that included attempting to hide her relationship from her adoptive father.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I hope you enjoyed! Go drink water and have a great day y'all. Could you guys tell me in the comments if you'd prefer this sort of jumpier one-shot ish type story or a more linear storyline?

### 3. Livin' the Arcade Life

#### Summary for the Chapter:

The gang hangs out at the arcade and El learns something about herself. If you have anxiety or panic disorder please read the tw.

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#### Notes for the Chapter:

TW: This chapter describes a panic attack (not very well, it's hard to describe, okay) but if that's an issue for you I'd skip this chapter, it's just fluff first for like 30 seconds and El having a panic attack. If you do read this, I'd only read to the giant line of exclamation marks.

It took a lot of convincing, and the promise of doing extra chores, for Hopper to let El go to the arcade with the party. El guessed he didn't want her to go because he literally just picked her up from the sleepover at Mike's, but she didn't care. El finally was able to have a normal life with her friends and wanted to enjoy every minute of it.

"Bye Hop!" El yelled as she ran outside the small cabin, towards her bike. She had gotten the purple bike with the white tassels on the first day she was allowed out. It was her pride and joy.

"Be back by 5:00-" Hop was cut off by the slamming of the front door. El hopped on and started her bike down the long, dusty dirt path that led to the road and headed for the arcade.

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"SHIT!"

"I told you Dustin, you're never gonna beat my score." Max replied,

attempting to look bored. She leaned against the Dragon's Lair game that Dustin was agonizing over, Lucas on her other side with his arm casually wrapped around her shoulder, laughing at Dustin's failure.

"Hey guys!" Mike said, cheerfully. He had met El outside the arcade and they now stood giddily holding hands.

"C'mon El I wanna teach you my Dig Dug secrets!" Max declared, ripping her away from Mike and dragging her across the arcade.

"So you'll teach her your secrets but not me? Wow Max. Wow." Lucas groaned, going over to assist Mike and Will with a round of Pac-Man. The day was idyllic, and for once in their lives, the teens were laughing and care-free. But, of course that had to end one way or another.

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El doesn't know how or why it started, but it did. One moment she was playing Dig Dug with Max, having the time of her life, the next she was on the floor crying. The room started spinning and an immense wave of fear crashed over her. Her palms were sweating buckets, and her heart felt like it was running in the goddamn Olympics. There was no reason, but she felt like she was about to die right there. Tears were streaming out of her eyes and she was borderline hyperventilating. She felt like all the oxygen in the room had been stolen. It felt like forever before her friends sprung into action, the whole thing felt like years but was only 20 minutes. She vaguely remembers her friends flying around the arcade, trying to help her.

"HOLY SHIT MIKE, EL'S FREAKING OUT WHAT'S GOING ON!?"

"WHERE IS SHE MAX?!"

"SOMEONE CALL HOP? WILL! CALL HOPPER!"

"I NEED A QUARTER LUCAS."

The room was spinning and El's mind was spiraling into chaos. Suddenly, she felt someone sit on the floor next to her. This thing had been going on for 10 minutes, and El was still shaking, her mind was

spiraling, and there was more fear, and it was a nightmare but she wasn't asleep, and she and all of her friends were going to die. She was sobbing, and the room felt like a blob, she could make out the shapes of her friends but she wasn't sure and she just - broke.

"HOPPER'S ON HIS WAY BUT THEY LIVE 25 MINUTES FROM HERE!"

"WE NEED TO CALM HER DOWN."

"EL, EL! CAN YOU HEAR ME?"

"EL, CAN YOU BREATHE WITH ME PLEASE? PLEASE?"

Mike was there and he was breathing and she was trying to match it but oh my god they were about to die and all she wanted was for this to stop. Then she was breathing again and dear god the room was spinning less, and the terror of imminent death subsided but was replaced by the terror of what the hell happened. She opened her eyes and her friends were all there and very worried and confused, and to be honest, so was she.

"Are you okay?" Mike asked. El shook her head and rested it on his shoulder while his arms wrapped around her body, still trembling with fear.

"Hopper should be here in like 5 minutes, okay?" Max said, gently kneeling to be at eye level with the sobbing girl. El buried her face in Mike's chest and he ran her hands through her hair. Time felt so slow now and every sob felt like Niagara Falls. Dustin and Will were handing her tissues and asking Mike if he knew what happened. Lucas was trying to comfort Max who was staring at El, worried.

"WHERE IS SHE?" Hopper demanded, flying through the arcade's doors.

"We're back here Chief." Dustin responded, sitting on the floor with the rest of his friends, all very worried about their shaking friend.

"We're gonna get you home El, okay?" Hopper murmured gently, squatting down to look at her. It was terrifying, his adoptive daughter shaking with fear, sobbing. From what he had heard on the phone, it

had been much worse before he got there.

"I'm coming with you." Mike demanded, and it was clear he wouldn't take no for an answer. Together, Hopper and Mike got El up and into the car. There were instructions for everyone else to go home, and promises for updates about El over the SuperComms.

El and Mike sat in the backseat, Mike still holding her as her exhausted body cried itself to sleep. He wondered why this had to happen to her. El did not deserve this.

El did not deserve this.

When El woke up, she was on the couch in the cabin, Mike's arms wrapped around her, his shirt stained by her tears. She felt safe in his arms, but really nervous and worried. What happened? Would it happen again? Oh dear god please don't let it happen again. Mike kissed her head and told her that she'd be okay. They'd be okay. For once in her life, she didn't believe him.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Maybe they didn't handle it very well but they're just kids okay.

If you get panic attacks too, you're not alone buddy. Anxiety sucks. One of my shining anxiety moments was when I was at Disneyland and literally thought I was going to die the whole time. That was a fun trip. Happiest place on earth am I right?

Please leave any suggestions, as always. Drink water and have a nice day kids!

## 4. Life Sucks

### Summary for the Chapter:

The gang returns to school and it sucks, (high school really sucks, okay.)

### Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry that this chapter has taken a while to get up, school is a lot because the quarter is ending, I've been busy with volleyball, and Wednesday alone I had 5 tests. Oh the joys of AP. Chapters will typically be up daily on the weekends and expect 1-2 at most during the week. Sorry folks, but I'm getting 4 hours of sleep a night just dealing with school.

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It was the Monday after the incident at the arcade and the gang had to return to the glorious Hawkins High, full of barbarous students and apathetic teachers. El sat in English, waiting for Mike to arrive after dealing with some library fee, fiddling with the sleeve of her favorite pastel yellow pullover. She focused in on reading ahead in the class-assigned book, *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

"Hey, heard you like, freaked the fuck out at the arcade, crybaby." Troy sneered as he and his cronies approached the table where El sat. El's breath quickened as she fought back tears and intrusive thoughts. On the outside, she appeared in a frightened daze.

"Answer me when I talk to you, crybaby!" Troy jeered, slamming his hands on the table. El startled. Oh no oh no oh no oh no oh no. Not again, please please please please please. El was pale and petrified with fear, staring right through Troy.

"SPEAK WHEN SPOKEN TO BITCH!"

"GET THE HELL AWAY FROM HER!" Mike demanded, landing a swift

punch to Troy's jaw. Troy staggered back as Mrs. Vick entered the classroom.

"Now, what is going on here boys?" Mrs. Vick questioned, exasperated at the prospect of dealing with another fight. Mrs. Vick analyzed the scene and saw Troy Harrington holding his jaw, Michael Wheeler shaking his fist, fuming with anger, and gently asking Jane Hopper if she was okay. Jane did not look okay, she was pale and shaking. Mrs. Vick knew what had happened.

"This psychopath attacked me!" Troy claimed, searching for a way out of trouble.

"Now Troy, we both know that's not what happened. Apologize to Jane and Michael. Right now."

"WHAT? THE FREAKS NEED TO APOLOGIZE TO ME!"

"Office. Now. NOW!" Mrs. Vick demanded, looking about ready to punch him herself. Troy relented and turned towards the door, flipping the class off as he left.

"Mrs. Vick? Can I take Jane out to the hall to calm down?" Mike asked, not making eye contact with her, instead still staring with concern at the girl.

"Sure."

Mike grabbed El's hand and helped her into the hall. She collapsed on him as soon as they exited the classroom, shaking. He pulled her into a tight embrace and whispered that everything was going to be okay. Real. She was Real. This was Real. She would be okay. She has Mike. Real. They stood like that for what seemed like forever when El pulled away and slid down the wall into a sitting position. Mike sat next to her and intertwined their hands. She would be okay. It was just Troy, a stupid mouthbreather. She didn't like him, or the new thing that happened to her when she got scared. It was terrifying.

"He said that I freaked the fuck out at the arcade and called me a crybaby."

"I'm so sorry El, I should've been there okay? It's all my fault."

"It's his fault, not yours. Troy is a mouthbreather. You helped."

And with that, El rested her head on Mike's shoulder, and they sat taking in each other's presence until El's breathing returned to normal and they were ready to face their English class and the rest of the school day.

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"Sonuva BITCH!" Dustin yelled, slamming his hands on the lunch table after learning of the algebra homework that he didn't know existed.

"What's he pissed about now?" Max groaned as she sat on the rickety old bench, between Lucas and Will.

"He forgot to do algebra homework." Will stated while laughing at the boy with his head in his hands.

El seemed particularly shaken up, not touching her food and staring off into space. Her head rested on Mike, who looked like he was trying to mask his concern and failing miserably. Max knew something had gone on that the couple was not telling them.

"What the hell happened Mike? And don't say that nothing happened because El is clearly shaken up and you suck at hiding your feelings." Max folded her arms, worry on her face.

"Troy happened. He was being an asshole as usual and made fun of El for what happened at the arcade and called her a crybaby. Mrs. Vick sent him to the office." Mike cast a glance down at El who was still staring off into space, unusually quiet after the incident.

"I swear to god I'm gonna knock that smug ass smile off of that dickwad's face!" Max's fists clenched, knuckles white as she moved to get up and execute her plan when she was forced back into her seat by El.

"Don't. Mike already did. Don't make it worse." El looked at Max now, seemingly broken out of her trance.



"Wow Mike, way to kick some ass!" Lucas praised, earning a disapproving look from Max.

"I still wanna pummel him." Max whined. "He fucking deserves it!"

"Yeah, yeah Troy is a dick, what's new?" Dustin grumbled. "We all wanna pummel him."

It was in this moment that El knew she was safe. She was okay. Her biggest concern was a high school bully and she had her friends who would beat the shit out of him for her. Sure, she hadn't always been nice to Max. It was a month after she came back before she asked Mike about the day at the school, and three before she befriended Max. Befriending her was one of the greatest decisions that she has ever made. Max is a fierce protector and will do anything for those she loves. El and Will had a connection that made them feel like old friends the second they met. Dustin was as ridiculous and loyal as always. Lucas had softened and El could see that it was all Max's doing. And then there was Mike. Her Mike. Mike who would punch his bully in the face for her, Mike who would hold her and dry her tears. Mike who told her she was beautiful and kissed her and made her feel like she was dancing in the stars.

Hopper had told her that she was too young for love. That she didn't know what it was. El was pretty sure that she did. She knew what love was.

El loved Mike Wheeler.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

On Thursday, there was an active shooter threat at my school and it was awful. I sat in my drama class shaking and hyperventilating for an hour and a half and then my sister and I had to run to our car and it was not fun okay, and then Friday I woke up with a fever, cough, and sore throat, which I still have right now so if this chapter makes no sense and is a tad short just know it's the fever talking.

As always, remember to leave suggestions in the comments if you have them!

Hope your next test goes well, drink some water, and have a great day!

## 5. I Love-

### Summary for the Chapter:

Mike tries to tell El that he loves her but Hopper is a meddling, overprotective dad.

### Notes for the Chapter:

Yikes your girl does not own Stranger Things and To Kill a Mockingbird, all credit to Harper Lee and the Duffer brothers please don't sue me I have like 2 bucks.

Mike knew he loved El. He imagined that he fell in love with her the moment he laid eyes on her, like some sort of cheesy movie crap. He knew he was in love with her the moment they kissed for the first time. It was like the world stopped spinning and time crawled to a standstill without her. He suspected that he was born to love her, he was made to find her, care for her, teach her. Being in love with El seemed to be his sole purpose in life. He wanted nothing more than to tell her how he feels, but there is one major issue.

Hopper.

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It was a Wednesday, Mike and El's weekly study night. It usually took place at the Wheeler's, and Hopper would just work late and pick up El on his way home. However, Hopper had tonight off, so he offered to host study night. That would throw quite a few wrenches in Mike's plan. Mike really appreciated Hopper, and how much he loved El, but he was the literal stereotype of the overprotective father with a gun. Geez Louise was that terrifying. Hopper had picked them up from school, and left them to their studying after a stern reminder of "No funny business." and "Door open." That's how he ended up sitting in El's room, on her bed, reading To Kill a Mockingbird aloud with her head resting on his lap. The door slightly cracked, of course.

"Maycomb was an old town, but it was a tired old town when I first

knew it. In rainy weather the streets turned to red slop; grass grew on the sidewalks, the courthouse sagged in the square. Somehow, it was hotter then: a black dog suffered on a summer's day; bony mules hitched to Hoover carts flicked flies in the sweltering shade of the live oaks on the square. Men's stiff collars wilted by nine in the morning. Ladies bathed before noon, after their three-o'clock naps, and by nightfall were like soft teacakes with frostings of sweat and sweet talcum." Mike read aloud, stroking El's curls with one hand, holding the book with another.

"This book is booooooooooooooooooooooring."

"I know El but we have to read it for class, okay?"

With that, El leaned up and kissed him, primarily to shut him up. It sent shockwaves coursing through his body until they were so rudely interrupted.

"I said no funny business, Wheeler!" Hopper scolded, leaning against the bedroom's doorframe, arms folded.

"Sorry." Mike murmured, not so apologetically. Hopper scowled at the pair, then turned to go outside to smoke. This was his chance! Oh god, could he do it? Did she even know what love is?

"Can you read some more? Don't wanna to have to read on my own." El kissed his cheek, which turned bright pink at the touch.

"Oh yeah, sure." Mike was disappointed. How is he going to tell her now? Should he wait until Hopper takes another smoke break?

"People moved slowly then. They ambled across the square, shuffled in and out of the stores around it, took their time about everything. A day was twenty-four hours long but seemed longer. There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go, nothing to buy and no money to buy it with, nothing to see outside the boundaries of Maycomb County. But it was a time of vague optimism for some of the people: Maycomb County had recently been told that it had nothing to fear but fear itself. We lived on the main residential street in town--Atticus, Jem and I, plus Calpurnia our cook. Jem and I found our father satisfactory: he played with us, read to us, and treated us with

courteous detachment."

"Sounds like Hawkins." El yawned, fiddling with the hem of her sweater. Her eyes stared up at him and he was gone again, lost in her eyes. God, she was so beautiful.

"Want me to keep reading? Or do you wanna do biology?"

"Read. I can do biology."

"Calpurnia was something else again. She was all angles and bones; she was nearsighted; she squinted; her hand was wide as a bed slat and twice as hard. She was always ordering me out of the kitchen, asking me why I couldn't behave as well as Jem when she knew he was older, and calling me home when I wasn't ready to come. Our battles were epic and one-sided. Calpurnia always won, mainly because Atticus always took her side. She had been with us ever since Jem was born, and I had felt her tyrannical presence as long as I could remember. Our mother died when I was two, so I never felt her absence. She was a Graham from Montgomery; Atticus met her when he was first elected to the state legislature. He was middle-aged then, she was fifteen years his junior. Jem was the product of their first year of marriage; four years later I was born, and two years later our mother died from a sudden heart attack. They said it ran in her family. I did not miss her, but I think Jem did. He remembered her clearly, and sometimes in the middle of a game he would sigh at length, then go off and play by himself behind the car-house. When he was like that, I knew better than to bother him."

"What is marriage?" Mike was startled. This would be the perfect time? Maybe. Oh geez, he was so nervous. It's just El. She won't hate you.

"Marriage is like, when two adults sign a contract proving that they love each other and they usually live together for the rest of their lives."

"Can we get married?"

"El, we're 14 and 15, we're too young."

"But I l-" Holy shit! Holy shIT! Did El love him? She was pretty much saying that she loved him! HOLY SHIT!

"Oookay Mike, time to go home." Hopper grumbled, ruining the moment. Oh. My. God. He could slap that man.

"I wanna say bye give us a minute." El pleaded, whipping out the puppy dog eyes that she was so famous for.

"Fine. One minute."

Mike gathered up his books and shoved them into his bag. He turned to face El, preparing to pour out his feelings. Instead, he was greeted by her lips on his, gluing his feet to the floor, sending his heart up to the stars. They stood like that for a minute, before Mike pulled away much to the disappointment of El. Before she could protest he whispered something in her ear that stuck her to the floor and made her heart beat a mile a minute.

"I love you, El."

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH I'm screaming!!!!  
We all needed this fluff after the last few chapters!  
Drink some water and comment any suggestions!

Have a wonderful week y'all!

## **6. Author's note - Sorry**

I hate when people do this, but I need to. I'm sorry there hasn't been a chapter lately. I'm in a really shitty place with my depression and school is super overwhelming and I just need a break from it all. I must have written and rewritten chapter 6 like eight times. I wasn't satisfied with it, to be honest, I wasn't satisfied with anything I was putting out at the moment and feeling a lot of self-hatred. I still am and I need time to fix myself and try to be okay. I don't know how long it'll be, maybe a week I don't know. If any of you are struggling too, remember it's okay to take a break from some things while you sort yourself out. You are important. You are worth it. I love you guys, thanks for being patient with me.